

## THE PATRIOT.

Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.

BELLEFONTE, JULY, 1823.

SELECTED.

### DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

A DREAM.

Extract from "Fables of the holy alliance," by T. Moore.

"Methought upon the Neva's flood  
A beautiful ice palace stood;  
A dome of frost-work, on the plan  
Of that once built by empress Anne,  
Which shone by moonlight, as the tale is—  
Like an Aurora Borealis.

In this said palace, furnish'd all  
And lighted as the best on land are,  
I dreamt there was a splendid ball,  
Giv'n by the emperor Alexander,  
To entertain with all due zeal,  
Those holy gentlemen, who've shown a  
Regard so kind for Europe's weal,  
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.

The thought was happy, and designed  
To hint how thus the human mind  
May, like the stream imprisoned there  
Be check'd and chill'd, till it can bear  
The heaviest kings, that ode or sonnet  
E'er yet bepraised, to dance upon it.

And all were pleased, and cold and stately,  
Shivering in grand illumination,  
Admired the superstructure greatly,  
Nor gave one thought to the foundation.  
Much too the Czar himself exulted,  
To all plebeian fears a stranger,  
As Madame Krudener, when consulted,  
Had pledged her word there was no danger  
So, on he caper'd, fearless quite,  
Thinking himself extremely clever,  
And waltz'd away with all his might,  
As if the frost would last forever.

Just fancy how a bard like me,  
Who reverence monarchs, must have trembled  
To see that goodly company  
At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded  
My loyal soul, at all confounded—  
For lo! ere long those walls so massy  
Were seized with an ill-omen'd dripping—  
And o'er the floor, now growing glassy,  
Their holinesses took to slipping—  
The Czar, half through a polonaise,  
Could scarce get on for downright stumbling,  
And Prussia, though to slippery ways  
So us'd, was cursedly near tumbling.

Yet still 'twas who could stamp the floor most,  
Russia and Austria 'mongst the foremost—  
And now to an Italian air,  
This precious brace would hand and hand go;  
Now—while our Louis from his chair  
Intreated them his toes to spare—  
Call'd loudly out for a fandango.

And a fandango, faith, they had,  
At which they all set to like mad—  
Never were kings, though small the expense  
Of wit among their excellencies,  
So out of all their princely senses.

But ah, that dance—that Spanish dance—  
Scarce was the luckless strain begun,  
When, glaring red, as 'twere a glance,  
Shot from an angry southern sun—  
A light through all the chambers flam'd,  
Astomping old father Frost,  
Who bursting into tears exclaim'd,  
"A thaw by Jove—we're lost, were lost!  
Run France—a second Waterloo  
Is come to drown you—Sauve qui peut."

### A NIGHT PIECE.

From Byron's *Siege of Corinth*.

'Tis midnight, on the mountains brown  
The cold round moon shines deeply down;  
Blue rolls the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So widely, spiritually bright;  
Who ever gaz'd upon them shining,  
And turn'd to earth without repining,  
Nor wished for wings to flee away,  
And mix with their eternal ray?  
The waves on either shore lay there  
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;  
And scarce their foam the pebbles shock,  
But murmur'd meekly on the brook.  
The winds were pillow'd on the waves;  
The banners droop'd along their staves,  
And, as they fell around them furling,  
Above them shone the crescent curling;  
And that deep silence was unbroke,  
Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
Save where the steed neigh'd off and shrill,  
And echo answered from the hill,

From the *N. Y. Albion*.

Love once dwelt in a palmy isle,  
His palace of the green leaves' shade,  
A chain of rose upon his wings,  
Whose guardian was a dark eyed maid.

They lived in sweet companionship:  
Enough for him one smile so bright;  
Enough for her to live for him,  
To watch his chain, to keep it light.

But once the Nympe lay down to sleep,

Leaving the fragrant chain undone;  
And Love awakened while she slept,  
Shook off his fetters and was gone.

From the *Trenton Emphorium*.

### THE CATARACT SPECTRE.

Repeated rains had swollen the Susquehanna to an unusual height, and the power of the tide was so great as to render the passage of it at Burling Ford impracticable, when I reached the ferrying place, on my way to Alesbury, one day in March. It was already noon, and the evening as the sun declined from the meridian bore many presages of a coming tempest. Yet, notwithstanding, I resolved to make an attempt to complete my journey by pursuing the Indian path, along the west side of the river to the upper or Alesbury Ford, where the river could be crossed at all times. It was a long afternoon's ride, and now the path was more difficult to travellers than it had been for years before, owing to the deep gullies which the unusually heavy spring freshets had washed. I journeyed on, however, while the sun lighted up the wild scenery around me, forgot the distance and the difficulties, in the contemplation of the rugged mountains apparently piled upon each other, until their summits arrested the flying clouds, and scattered them in showers over the deep valleys between; of tremendous rocks which covered acres, and lifted their bald heads covered with the moss of centuries, above the tree tops; of glens which bewildered the unconscious traveller as he paused suddenly over the yawning gulfs; and of the deep and now boisterous river, occasional glances of which burst upon the view, foaming and rushing on, and breaking in upon the reigning silence of those eternal hills, with its deep toned roar.

But the sun sunk below the horizon, and left me several miles of a broken and dreary road to travel, and now I recollected that there used to be a fisherman's hut at the cataract, the distant roar of which fell already heavily upon my ear. And as to the weary and benighted traveller, the humblest abode is grateful, the remembrance of this promised refuge hastened my exertion to reach it. Many years had elapsed since Ralph the fisherman, erected this humble mansion, and carried to it one of the sweetest girls in all the country. They did not live happy, this I heard before I left Alesbury, and I felt some anxiety to see them once more after so long an absence. A quarter of an hour brought me to the place. A bright pine light burned cheerfully in the chimney. As I threw myself from my horse, I heard the noise of mirth and merriment within, and then the thought first occurred to me, perhaps my ancient friend is no longer the tenant of this romantic spot.

The premonition was verified the moment I entered. Every thing betokened that the hut had been tenantless, for a long time, and now a band of half a dozen huntsman, from the country below, had taken up their lodgings in it for the night. They were, some of them, old acquaintances, and as they had plenty of provision, and a good store of wholesome beverage, I cheerfully accepted a cordial invitation to make one of their evening party.

I found that my old acquaintance, the fisherman, who, unfortunately happened to be of German extraction, had been driven from his post by the Spectre that haunted the cataract every spring, and had taken up his residence many miles above. The story of the cataract spectre I remember. It was this—in the earliest periods of the country the Indians attacked the settlement and among others made prisoners of a young lady and two gentlemen who were her rival lovers.—The object of the Indians was plunder, and as they were pursued they held a council to determine upon the method of disposing of their prisoners. Some were for getting rid of them in the most summary manner by the tomahawk, others thought they ought to be set free, but an old chief proposed to leave them upon the great rock in the midst of the cataract, from whence without assistance it would be impossible for them to escape; thus their lives would be spared and at the same

time they would not be left to return to their friends, and give intelligence of their numbers or their line of retreat.

His advice was adopted, but it proved fatal to the victims, for that night the river rose so high as to bury the rock, and they were seen no more. Yet ever after throughout the first moon in spring a grim and fearful phantom danced beneath the dim light of midnight along the foaming spray, and howled amid the dashing surges. They said it was the disconsolate spirit of the elder whom the angel lady had rejected, and that he came thus once a year to visit the spot where he had last enjoyed her society.

The story was told, and while some of the more credulous of the company shrugged up their shoulders and shook their heads, the others determined to go down along the falls, at the hour of visitation, as this was the time of the year. I accompanied them. The moon was now high in the heavens; the clouds that threatened in the evening were gone; the winds were hushed, and nought but the everlasting voice of the wild billows fell upon the ear. The scene was truly magnificent and sublime. The fog that hovered over the face of the cataract, however, veiled the lover's rock from our view; and we only saw the tops of the large hills beyond the rushing river. We wandered along the banks until we found ourselves on the border of a cluster of ancient cedars whose broad shadows floated in the full stream. It was a romantic spot, and we bent our course towards its thickest shades, where a little stream flowed from a spring in the mountain side to the river.

My two companions had advanced to this secluded spot, when a sudden exclamation of terror alarmed me. I ran towards the place and observed that one of them had fallen to the ground, and the other stood over him like a pale statue with alarm and horror pictured in his countenance, and the cause was still in view. Two tall figures glided rapidly up the bank, and in a moment vanished away over the surface of the river.—While we looked after this strange apparition, which I confess unstrung my nerves, weak as had been my faith in supernatural visitations, we observed in the middle of the stream, the perfect figure of a man rising out of the dark waves, for we were here above the cataract, and then sinking it disappeared in a moment; again and again, this was repeated. Could this be a delusion? our affrighted and fallen companion recovered, and averred that the flying ghost had snapped his teeth furiously at him, when he first discovered him; and that he absolutely rose out of the rivulet upon whose banks we stood.

This was enough; we hurried back to the cabin; loaded all the rifles; took a double charge of fourth proof brandy, and bid the dogs to keep a sharp look out while we watched with no little anxiety for the approach of day. The dogs, however, seemed sadly disquieted and finally utterly abandoned their posts; and could not be driven from our sides, where they crouched trembling with fear. A short counsel was held and without a dissenting voice we agreed that prudence dictated a prompt retreat to the Burling Ford. The resolution was no sooner passed than it was put in execution, and in one hour and three quarters we had travelled over thirteen miles of bad road and knocked up the landlord of the western ferry house, who was entertained with a notable account of our adventure, and who was not less alarmed at its import than ourselves.

Next day I pursued my way to Alesbury, having succeeded in crossing the river, the tale of the re-appearance of the cataract spectre or spectres, as it was now ascertained that there was two of them, spread abroad in the country far and wide. Our names were quoted as a notable authority, and some of our companions had already made oath to all the facts. When upon my arrival at home, I had the satisfaction to find that some of my worthy neighbours, who had also been down the river on a hunt, had reached the village before day, and were employed in making oaths to the same

matters before good Squire Frost. But the mischief of the affair was, that the time and circumstance detailed by them, irresistibly proved that we were the only ghostlike beings they saw, and that they were the spectres which had alarmed us.

This was a sad business; I could not stand the laugh, and retreated home, but some busy bodies went to the falls to look for the miraculous appearance of the diving spectre that danced and dived in the flood. They came back with the discovery that it was a log of drift wood which had lodged on a ledge of rocks, one end of which was forced up occasionally by the velocity of the current.

It is some years since this happened. The cataract is no longer suspected of harbouring ghosts or goblins, and even the lover's rock is now considered a harmless thing. I have often lamented that the least credit should be given to these foolish spectre tales, and offer this as the humble advice of my little experience—always ascertain what the object of your dread is; never leave it uncertain, for if you do, though it may have been ever so harmless, you will not convince yourself that you have been under a delusion.

A Mr. Cannon, it appears has within a few days, united a Mr. Gun to a Miss Pistol; and the wits of the district have seized hold of the match to fire off a *feu de jete* of epigrams on the occasion. We have no great ambition to join our frame to the tail of a *feu de mot*, but we cannot help observing that the Gun did not take possession of the Pistol until after half an hour's Cannonade. Some wags seem to anticipate a progeny of *Blunderbusses* from this union: we rather calculate on an addition to our stock of *little Guns*.

The following are from the *Intellegencer*:  
On the late marriage of Miss Pistol to Mr. Gun by Mr. Cannon.

It is to be hoped that the late union of Miss Pistol to Mr. Gun as performed by the Rev. Mr. Cannon, may not produce a *blunderbuss*.

Could Ovid dream the like of this  
In all his metamorphoses?

It made me think of Paddy's son,  
To learn Miss Pistol's made a Gun.  
But that which made me laugh the rather  
A Cannon was her Reverend Father!

On a late Marriage.  
It is to be hoped that the union of Gun and Pistol, as celebrated at the Cannon's mouth, may produce a *Columbiad*, rather than a *Blunderbuss*.

*Messrs Editors*:—It is much to be feared that Duelling will hereafter become a very dangerous business, if our little pistols are to be converted into great Guns, as announced in your paper of yesterday.

On the Marriage of Mr. Gun to Miss Pistol by the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Cannon.

To join Gun to a Pistol was easily done  
Since a Pistol is nought but a neat little Gun.  
The name of the priest being purely ironic,  
Proves the rite was performed in a manner *Cannonic*.

A wedding so martial, ere this looked no man on,  
Where employed were a Pistol a Gun and a Cannon!

The Bride's name to some persons would cause great alarms.

For a Pistol no Dandy would take to his arms.  
May this worthy pair share the best smiles of Heaven,

And young *Sons-of-guns* be to them often given!

### BURKE

Burke had once risen in the house of commons, with some papers in his hand on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a rough brawn member rudely started up and said—"Mr. Speaker, I hope the honourable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Burke was so swollen, or rather so nearly suffocated with rage, as to be incapable of utterance and absolutely ran out of the house. George Selwyn remarked it was the only time he had ever seen the fable realized; "A lion put to flight by the braying of an Ass."

A person speaking of another who had died in consequence of his intemperance, said *she* burnt his *insides out with rum*." A Frenchman having occasion to relate the fact, and wishing to preserve the same phraseology, said "rum burnt him *wrong side outwards*."

Joe Miller's works.

Lord H—, who was much addicted to the bottle, previous to a masquerade night, inquired of Foote what new character he ought to appear in? "New character!" said the other, "suppose you go *sobber*, my lord!"